His Court there was of such unrivalled splendour as the world had never seen before nor shall see again. No European king has ever lived in such gorgeous surroundings. Jewellers ransacked East and West to enrich the Peacock Throne. Artists came from the ends of the earth to minister to his pleasure. For him Austin of Bordeaux fashioned his cunningest birds and beasts. He was the Great Moghul.

But the historian tells us he seldom smiled, for he was also the lover of Arjumand, who had left him. He sat upon a seat valued at £6,000,0005 but he found it a hard resting-place after her bosom. The Koh-i~Noor blazed beside him, but it seemed dim and tawdry to him whose life a woman's eyes had brightened. He held a glorious Court, but his mind was far away planning the mausoleum of his well-beloved.

He built the Jama Musjid, but when he saw the pigeons circling, the forbears of those we see to-day, he prayed them to bear his soul away to rest with her. Other

bright eyes moved him, other arms caressed him in those little rooms behind the marble screen where the scales of justice are, the loveliest set of rooms in all the world. Other forms as

*ii*o graceful